

LIFE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

ALICE AND TOM CALL.

"Well, why have we brought all this furniture over here?" John asked. "If we are not going to use it, Katherine!" "I am going to use it upstairs," I said as John followed me upstairs. "I think I shall enjoy the dramatic contrast of the Oriental splendor of our living rooms to the Colonial austerity of these upper chambers. And oh, John, they are wonderful! They are wonderful!" I repeated. We stepped from one room to another. "These are the bedrooms, with a dressing room and bath between, will be ours. This one shall be our guest chamber and this darling little suite of three rooms shall be given up to Mary and her nurse. Oh, I think it is wonderful! Look! Here are sleeping porches for Mary and for you. And here is this alcove I can have my coffee every morning. John, the house is ideal."

It will be when it is paid for," was his comment. "Why, of course, we can pay for it, dear. If you will promise me that you will not invest any more money for a while in stock margins. We can easily pay for the house with the profits of your next big advertising contract."

"I am not so sure, dear, that I can do that. Business is rather slow. You know that is one reason, Katherine, that I started in one of the curb markets. It's the 'little market'."

"You mustn't want to make money too fast, John."

"Can any man make money too fast?" he answered.

"Yes, dear, much too fast. We may envy the suddenly rich person, but did you ever know one whom you would like to make your friend?"

"But I wouldn't be one of those newly rich guys who could think and talk of nothing but money."

"Yes, you would, dear. We always think and talk about the thing that we are most interested in. That makes us imagine we are improving ourselves with our investments. The man who made millions in the last war never for a moment thinks that he has not made his money by his own genius or his own capabilities. Do you ever hear one admit that it naturally flowed into his pocket because of the great necessities of war?"

"Hello, everybody, hello!" The voice came from below. Both John and I

looked down over the balcony at the balcony and saw Alice and Tom. "It was the first I had seen of Tom since I returned. Dear old Tom. I know of no man that I think it would be easier to live with than Alice's husband. True, he isn't very easy on the eyes, being fat and bald and somewhat bandy-legged, but his smile is always of that kind that won't come off. His hand clasp is warm and his eyes are kindly. I think down in her heart that Alice loves him dearly, but she tells herself that she does not, that they are only friends and pals because he doesn't fill her aesthetic eye."

"Come up here, Tom," I shouted, "and see the rest of our lovely home." "I am looking at something quite as lovely," he answered.

"Tom, said Alice with a smile, 'you are too glib. I have told the truth. Isn't Katherine pretty as she looks down at us? Juliet in her balcony could not have outshone her!'"

"Tom, if you were not so ugly, you would be the most popular man with the women in this town," joked John.

"Perhaps you would like to say that it is because I am so very ugly that I have to resort to flattery for popularity. I would have you understand, John, that I do not believe in falsehood and never had any friendship or respect for Ananias either ancient or modern."

Tom came up the stairs at this with his hand clinched in mock defiance. I caught it and put my mouth for a kiss.

"It is a strange thing to me," mused John audibly, "that an ugly man is apt to get the osculatory favors that should come to a handsome man like me."

"Well, you would not have me refuse a lady would you?" said Tom with a smile.

"You mean to tell me, Katherine, that you asked him to kiss you?" John asked as though he were very jealous, keeping on the fun.

"Well, I didn't ask him in so many words."

"Does a woman ever ask in so many words? Can you say that you did ask me, Katherine?"

"Hello, everybody, hello!" The voice came from below. Both John and I

Nature's Own Cosmetics--Fresh Air and the Big Outdoors--Are the Best Aids to Beauty

If You Are Not Lucky Enough to Possess a Garden That Needs Weeding, Learn to Stretch.

BY BARBARA BURKE.
(Editor of Beauty Culture)

Of all the general aids to beauty there is nothing that plays a more important part than exercising in the open air. It may seem of little practical consequence to the casual thinker to know how to stand, walk, breathe and sit with ease and grace, but the rare charms of manner, the beauty of expression is the result of bodily exercise. Comparatively few women are endowed naturally with a graceful carriage, but all can cultivate it by a little perseverance and daily exercise in the open air.

GARDENING AND BEAUTY.
There are many who think they are not exercising unless they are working through a definite form of physical culture, but as a matter of fact, it is everything we do, every motion we take in our regular daily work when performed in the right spirit and freedom that can be made contribute more than anything else to bodily grace, a beautiful complexion, brilliant eyes and an animated expression. The benefits we derive lie largely in the pleasure we get out of the work performed.

Gardening, for instance, is beneficial to both the garden and the gardener. It exercises the muscles of the back, stomach and arms and develops a round, pretty figure. In order to derive the best results, one should wear a short, loose, light-weight costume (nothing that is binding at the waistline), so as to insure perfect freedom to the arms, legs and vital organs, and a large brimmed hat that protects the eyes and head from the strong rays of the sun.

SUMMER SPORTS.
During the "hooning" process the muscles of the back and shoulders are exercised, which results in rounding the arms and with each stroke may be added grace to the figure. And it is not only gardening that affords an opportunity for outdoor exercise. There are many summer sports to be enjoyed. Tennis, golf, swimming, hiking and bathing are all excellent.

Gardening is beneficial to both garden and gardener while deep breathing in the open air is a wonderful beautifier.

divisions, provided they are not overdone. Unfortunately, there is often more harm than good derived from doing any of these things too strenuously, particularly if one is not regularly used to it. For instance, to play tennis constantly on two-weeks' vacation, and at no other times, will not have the beneficial effect that regular daily exercise affords.

A SIMPLE EXERCISE.
But not everyone has the opportunities for enjoying the outdoor sports of the season. There is, however, no one who cannot find the time and opportunity for at least a few minutes' deep breathing daily in the open air. An excellent exercise for this purpose,



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is to stand in front of an open window, straighten the arms above the head while inhaling and drop them in a sweeping motion without bending the elbows while exhaling. This very simple stretching exercise, performed regularly, will keep the figure supple, and more than that it will keep the lungs properly functioning and will do more to promote health and beauty than anything else.

A good rule is not to stay in the house any more than you have to. This is the fifth of Barbara Burke's beauty articles. Tomorrow she will tell you how to change from high-heeled dress shoes to low-heeled sport shoes with comfort.



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When a vinegar or oil crust becomes stained, it is easy to clean the inside is to use egg shells.

Break the shells into small pieces and put them into the bottle with soap and water. The more shaking the brighter the inside.

The sharp edges of the shells not only clean but polish the glass.

MEAT FOR TOMORROW
BREAKFAST — Blackberries uncooked cereal with milk, toast, coffee.

LUNCHEON — Potato salad cold boiled ham, rolls, red raspberry jam, tea.

DINNER — Lamb chops, French fries, potatoes, apple fritters, buttered bread, pecan cubes, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES
When you make your red raspberry jam this year, try cooking it less than half "down." The jam will keep just as well and will have a more delicate flavor. Boil the jam until the juice drops heavily from the spoon but not until the volume is reduced one-half.

POTATO SALAD
2 cups diced cold boiled potatoes
1 small onion minced
1 cup diced celery
2 hard boiled eggs
1-2 cup beets diced

2 tablespoons oil
1 tablespoon vinegar
Salt and pepper
Boiled salad dressing
Mix potato, celery and onion. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add oil and mix thoroughly. Then add vinegar. Add boiled dressing to make moist. Arrange in a mound on a bed of lettuce. Garnish with beets and slices of hard boiled eggs.

PECAN CUBES
1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
3-4 cup boiling water
3-4 cup sugar
2 eggs (whites)
1 teaspoon vanilla
2-4 cup chopped pecan meats

Dissolve gelatin in 1-4 cup cold water. Add boiling water and sugar and stir until dissolved. Set in a pan of ice-water add whites of eggs and beat until mixture thickens. Dip a shallow pan in cold water. Turn in pudding and let stand till firm and chilled. Remove from pan and cut in two-inch squares. Roll in nuts. Serve with whipped cream.

In these days when one must lay in his winter's coal supply in July, a lot of good it does to have white-washed the cellar.

DR. VANCE'S DAILY ARTICLE

We are saved by hope. Hope is more than a sunny disposition. It is more than a knack of looking on the bright side of life. It is a higher thing than an attitude of expectancy. It is a more substantial mood than the Mr. Micawber habit of "waiting for something to turn up."

Hope is a vision of the perfect day. It is seeing how things are going to be when God has His way with the world, and living as if He had His way already. Hope is the practice of optimism. It is the program of the stars.

We are saved by hope. We are not saved by despair. We never climb up to anything better by giving way to discouragement.

"Saddo" the worst turns the best to the brave.

Men are not saved by fear. He who quails his sins because he gets scared will return to his sins when his fright is over. Men are never better than their love. There is no redemptive power in fear. The religion of fear is a left-over from the age of superstition.

Something finer must sound through the soul than the terror of the law if the life is to be transformed.

I am not saying that the terrors of the law have no medicinal value in the treatment of the morally sick. But the value is that of a corrective rather than a cure. It is a persuader rather than a producer. We are saved by the law, but we are saved by hope.

The men who build a better world do not counsel out of their fears but of their hopes. They plan their campaign in harmony with their vision of what they believe the world is going to be when God has His way with it, and they bank everything on that.

They can no more fail than God can.

HEALTH

BY UNCLE SAM, M. D.

Health Questions Will Be Answered if Sent to Information Bureau, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS

Arterio-sclerosis is the doctor's name for hardening of the arteries.

The blood is pumped around by the heart, and sent to all parts of the body through a set of tubes that grow smaller and smaller the farther away from the heart they go. These tubes are blood vessels which carry blood from the heart and are called arteries. The blood is brought back to the heart from all parts of the body, through another set of tubes or blood vessels called veins. These two sets of tubes, the arteries and the veins, are very much alike in the way they are built, but not altogether. They are like two sets of rubber tubes, the arteries being the stiffer and stronger and more elastic tubes.

Remember—elastic. A thing that is elastic can be stretched and will spring back to its former size and shape when the stretching is stopped. The first thing one thinks of when elastic is mentioned, is rubber. Now, everybody knows that new rubber is more elastic than old rubber; also that good rubber will become worn and spoiled by usage and by time; also, that there is a right way to use rubber to make it remain elastic longer, and a wrong way to use it (to abuse it) and so wear it out faster.

These facts are true also about the elastic blood vessels—the arteries. When a healthy child is born, it has brand new, soft and elastic arteries. As it grows older its arteries also grow older and gradually lose their elasticity, so that when old age is reached, the arteries are normally stiffened and hardened. That is to say, arterio-sclerosis long before they are old enough to have it naturally, and that is either because they inherited bad material for the arteries from their ancestors, or because they abused the good ones with which they started life.

Diseased arteries cause serious trouble to the heart and kidneys. Such arteries, as they become stiff and hard, also become brittle, and so may be easily broken. The most serious effect of such a break is when it happens to a blood vessel in the brain, so causing an attack of apoplexy, or what is commonly called a "stroke." In most cases a "stroke" kills the patient. If he gets over the stroke, he generally remains paralyzed.

While a person cannot help having inherited bad arteries, he can often help a good deal in preventing the early wearing out and becoming diseased of the arteries that he has, and so put off premature old age and much serious disease. He can also prevent his children from inheriting bad arteries from him.

JUST JOKING

VACATION THOUGHTS.

Away from the grind of the city,
Away from the noise and the din,
Away from the hum of the street,
Away from the glare of the sun—
Away from the shame and its sin—

Out where the blue sky is bending
Its glorious arch over the sea,
When nothing on me is depending
Or whether I rise or I fall—

Here for a few days with never
A touch of the cares of the day,
Away from the constant endeavor
And the praise and the blame of it too—

Just being myself for a minute,
With freedom to think and to plan,
The comrades of lark and of linnet,
And trees—and the least of them, man.

Here with the great world about me,
With life in large parcels or small,
That can and will live on without me,
And the same power has fashioned us all!

This kindly old tree shall outlive me,
The lake shall remain when I'm gone,
Oh, God, for my boasting forgive me!
For what is my pride founded on?

And what is the noise of the city,
And what is its struggle for gold,
With its shame and its grief and its pity?
No more than a tale that is told.

For the things which shall live on forever,
Not the fragments of shattered things,
Not the sun and rivers and trees—

For the first six months of 1919 there were 2771 suicides in the United States, as compared with 2663 during the same period last year.

he came to my name the fellows yelled Hurray, hurray.

Me keeping on feeling braver and braver and Sid Hunt keeping on looking jellier and jellier, saying, Aw, was the leader of the excitement. I bet I could show you my name in the paper too if I want to take the trouble, and I said, Wats the matter, you jellies? and he said, Jellies nothing, and I said, Well then go ahead and show us, I dare you, I double dare you. And Sid looked all throo the paper and all he found was a man named Sidney Hogan being protested on account of the heat, and I said, Do you mean to compare a man being protested with the heat to a fireman rescuing 5 ladies and children all at one time? You going to vote for, fellows?

You, you, hurray, yelled all the fellows.

Being how I was elected captain of the Invinibles.

—By ALLMAN

Dorothy Dix Talks

THE TIE THAT BINDS

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

Every time we go to a big church wedding with a melting throat voice singing "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds" and we look at the radiant bride and groom, and swallow hard at the lumps in our throats, and hope to goodness that the knot will hold this time, and it won't be the one-out-of-twelve snarl that the divorce courts are called upon to untangle every year in this country.

And it sends us home wondering what is this tie that binds a man and a woman together so that they are really one.

Men think that it is made of beauty. A man believes that he will love a woman, and be faithful to her in thought and deed, as long as she is easy on the eyes. His fancy is smitten by a pretty face and a luscious figure, and he is convinced that he will never weary of them. He feels that life can offer him no more enduring joy than just the contemplation of that peach and cream complexion, the blue eyes, the curls and that straight front figure.

Very often he married the object of his admiration only to find that the tie that binds him to his wife is a back thread. He comes to know that a man cannot live upon scenery alone, that a woman may be a living picture and the dullest and most boring of companions, and that the white and soft skin may cover the blackest selfishness and the hardest heart.

No woman who has merely physical prettiness to recommend her ever holds a man even until her good looks vanish, and that is a catastrophe that is bound to happen in a short time, at best. As well might you seek to anchor an ocean liner to a post, or a gay silken thread as to try to bind a man to a woman with just beauty alone.

Women think that the tie that binds is made of romantic love. They put their faith in palpitations and thrills. If a girl sees a man through a pink haze of sentiment that disguises him so effectively that he looks like a little tin god to her; if she has chills and fevers and hectic flushes at his approach; if she wonders where mother keeps the rough on rats every time she suspects that he has taken another girl to the movies, she is convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that she entertains a passion for him that nothing can kill, and that the years will only make stronger.

Alas, no other dangerous malady is so easily cured as romantic love. It yields to simple home treatment, self-administered, in from thirty to sixty days. Sometimes sooner. The bride who had expected to spend the remainder of her life listening to her husband confessing that he loved her, finds out that he mostly discourses about bills, and the high cost of living, and how different his mother's biscuits are from hers.

Instead of a battered, and powdered and perfumed lover she has a husband who is unshaven and unshorn and grumpy and grouchy at times, and nothing those things coming to her eyes out of the window, and unless the tie that binds her to the man she has chosen is stronger than sentimentality—unless it is made up of some quality more enduring than looks and soft speeches—why the woman packs her trunk and goes back to mother, or begins to look about for some other man about whom she can cast the mantle of her fancy.

Convention says that the tie that binds a man and a woman together is made up of the law and the church. Wrong again. You may tie a man and a woman's bodies together and force them to live under the same roof, but no human agency can fetter a soul or constrain it. Nor does the reading of a marriage ceremony over a couple or the mumblings of a priest, make a man and woman husband and wife in the real sense of that relationship.

We all know husbands and wives whose marriage bonds clank as they move amongst us as does the ball and chain of convicts fettered together. We all know long married men and women who live out dreary lives with wives and husbands who sit across the table from them in the flesh, but are millions of leagues away from them in the spirit.

The tie that binds is not even duty. That holds outwardly with many conscientious people, especially when there are children to be considered, but it is a fetter that cuts into the marrow of one's being and that makes a fester that poisoned the whole of life. It is not what we mean when we sing "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds" at a wedding.

The tie that binds, that hardens and hardens as the years go by until it becomes like a bond of steel that

EVERY FLOWER HAS A STORY ALL ITS OWN

THE ORCHID.

The gorgeous orchid has been called the "bell" of the flowers. That significance is attached to it in the language of the poets.

According to a reliable authority, there are over 12,000 varieties. One species which blooms in Antrim is called man orchid, because it resembles very closely the form of a man wearing a large hat. Other species exist which resemble a lizard, a bee, and a butterfly.

ORCHID BRANCHES.
In Mexico, East India and South America, where the most important species are found, they grow from the branches and trunks of trees, and in the crevices of rocks, because the seeds are so minute that the wind blows them about like dust.

As much as \$10,000 has been paid for a rare specimen and, it is reported, even higher prices have been paid at private sales.

The remedies derived from the orchid are used as a sedative and employed in curing nervous and hysterical disorders, epilepsy and tremors.

SEED FURNISHES VANILLA.
The vanilla of commerce is obtained from the seed of one variety of orchid which sometimes grows to a height of 20 and 30 feet.

The name is of Greek origin. Orchis was the son of Pantheus, a satyr who presided over Bacchanalian feasts. He behaved so badly at one of these, that the bacchantes seized him and literally tore him to pieces. The only concession they would make to his father's plea for mercy was that his torn body be changed into flowers, each piece becoming a different shape and color.

LOSS OF COMPRESSION.
If you "feel" a loss of compression in any of the cylinders, watch the oil. It may be such a light or thin oil as not to give the engine a tight compression seal. Or it may be due to faulty valve adjustment or incorrect timing. A graphite preparation in oil, in suitable proportions, will help the engine's compression considerably. It will also increase the oil economy and keep the engine in better running condition.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY AND SUSIE'S HOOP

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(By HOWARD R. GARIS)

One day when Uncle Wiggly was hopping along the path through the woods, having been to the store to get some molasses for Nurse Jane, the bunny rabbit, gentleman saw Susie Littleall, his little girl niece, walking slowly along. And Susie looked very, very sad.

"What's the matter, Susie?" asked Uncle Wiggly as he hopped along beside her. Did you have to stay in after school?"

"Why Uncle Wiggly! How you talk!" exclaimed Susie. "You know there isn't any school now! It's vacation time! But oh, dear! I do wish I had one! All the other girls and boys have them but I haven't any."

"Any what?" asked the bunny gentleman. "Do you mean lollipops, Susie? If you do I can put some of Nurse Jane's molasses on the end of a stick, and that will be almost as good as a lollipop."

"No, thank you, it isn't a lollipop I'm wanting," answered Susie, "though I would like some molasses on a stick. But I wish I had a wooden hoop to roll around as Billie and Johnnie Bushyhead the squirrel boys have."

"Oh, don't let a little thing like that fuss you!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "I can easily make you a rolling hoop, Susie, and also take this molasses to Nurse Jane in time for her to make an apple pie."

"But where in the woods will you find a barrel to get a hoop off for me?"

"I don't need a barrel," answered the bunny gentleman. "I'll make you a hoop out of a piece of wild grape vine."

So with his sharp teeth the bunny gentleman gnawed a long round piece of wild grape vine off some that was climbing a tree not far away. With strings of grass Uncle Wiggly fastened the two ends of the vine together, making a round hoop of it, just like the letter O.

"There you are, Susie," laughed the bunny, and then Susie took a stick and began rolling the hoop along the woodland path. Around and around and along and along rolled the hoop.

"Hurra!" cried Susie. "This is lots of fun! Thank you Uncle Wiggly!" "Pray do not mention it," answered the bunny with a low and noble bow of his pink, twinkling nose as he picked up the molasses jar.

Uncle Wiggly went back to his hollow stump bungalow and soon he was sitting on the side porch sniffing the air which smells as Nurse Jane baked the apple dumplings.

Along toward evening, when it was getting dark, Uncle Wiggly hopped down off the porch.

"Where are you going?" asked Nurse Jane Fussy Wuzzys, his muskrat lady housekeeper.

"Oh, I just thought I'd hop over to Susie Littleall's house and see how she likes the hoop I made for her today," answered the bunny. "Do you want to come Nurse Jane?"

"No, thank you," answered the muskrat lady housekeeper. "But you may take Susie a piece of the strawberry shortcake I made this afternoon."

"Thank you," spoke Uncle Wiggly.

So he hopped off, with the piece of orange longcake tied on top of his tall hat but he had not gone very far before he met Susie Littleall coming through the woods.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly!" cried the little bunny girl. "What do you think? My nice hoop that you made me out of a grape vine, is gone!"

"Gone?" cried where?" asked Mr. Longears. "Did one of the animal boys take it?"

"No," answered Susie. "But I was rolling it just a little while ago, and it went in the bushes and in a dark place, and I can't find it. I've looked all over everywhere for it but I can't find my nice hoop."

"I'll help you look," said Uncle Wiggly.

So he helped the little rabbit girl look for her hoop, but it was not to be found and Susie was feeling quite sad.

"Never mind," said the bunny gentleman. "I'll make you another hoop, Susie."

"But I'd rather have that one!" Susie exclaimed. "I'm used to that one and I like it best."

"Then we'll try to find it," said Uncle Wiggly. So he and Susie looked some where, but for some time they saw nothing. Then, all at once, the little rabbit girl cried:

"Oh, look, Uncle Wiggly, I see a hoop of fire over in the grass," and she pointed to where under a tree there shimmered and shone a round ring as though a lot of sparklers were going off at once.

"Hut! I see what it is!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "That is your grape vine hoop, Susie. It rolled in the grass and a lot of lightning bugs are sitting on it, playing ring around the rose!"

It was, and the lightning bugs were seated on it, playing ring around the rose on it. But they flew off when they heard it was Susie's hoop, and Uncle Wiggly made the fireflies and other, and then he took Susie home and gave her the orange pie.

So the coal bit doesn't try to come up from down below to find out why the cat's paws is dancing around the kitchen. I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and Sammie's banjo.

WOMAN 105 YEARS OLD APPEARS AGAINST NEPHEW
(By International News Service.)

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—A woman one hundred and eight years old, Mrs. Sophia Orr, appeared in police court here as a witness against her nephew, Harvey M. Mullett, whom she accused of stealing \$185 and a copper washbowl.

She told her story in a straightforward way and said she saw Mullett come out of her bedroom. The money which was under her pillow, was gone when she went after it. Mullett was held for the grand jury.

Mrs. Orr is a Canadian by birth. She was living in Kentucky at the time of the Civil war, her husband being in the Union army. She remembers several battles near her home.

The first whale shark ever captured, weighing 30,000 pounds, is on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—They Were Traveling Too Fast for Tom to Enjoy the Scenery.

